

The image shows the cover of V2 magazine. The title 'V2' is rendered in a large, red, stylized font with blue triangular cutouts. Below the main title, a speech bubble contains the text 'HEY SIDNEY! DON'T'. To the right of the main title, there is a graphic of a white starburst with the text 'FOUR SAUCY SEASIDE POSTCARDS' in black and red, and 'FREE!' in large red letters. The background features a black and white collage of various words and letters, including 'BIFFA BACON FAT', 'ROGER IRRELEVANT', 'THE TRAV', 'UDENT GRANT', 'RAFFLES', 'TANT', 'JISTER', 'CANT', 'DAVEY', and 'ESTON'.

Issue 96

£1.75 Not for sale to children
(\$3.95 in the USA)



HEY, SIDNEY! DON'T
YOU KNOW IT'S RUDE
TO POINT?

AYE!
AND YOU'RE ON
THE BONK AN'
ALL.



NUDIST BEACH

Plus -
**WIN your
WEIGHT in
ORAL SEX**

scan by faceless

BIFFA BACON

© 2002 BY BIFFA



BIFFA, SON, THAT WEA A BORDER EGG. THIS IS A REAL EGG. WHAT I LAYD OUT ME AAN FANNY.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF

IAN PAISLEY

"IT'S THE WAY
I YELL 'EM!"



Letterbooks

Smiles better?

They say that laughter is the best medicine. My grandad has got Parkinson's disease and we've been laughing at him for months and he hasn't got any better. So much for that theory.

D. Smoog
Paris



I've just sat through Janet Street-Porter's T.V. series 'As the Crow Flies' where she walked in a straight line from Edinburgh to Greenwich. What a pity she didn't start from my house in Haddington, just 16 miles to the East. That way, her walk would have taken her slap bang through the middle of the army's firing range at Otterburn, and she might have been shot. Now that would have been good telly.

D. Dick
Haddington

Letterbooks,
P.O. Box 11PT,
Newcastle upon
Tyne, NE99 1PT



Vauxhall reckon they've made 2500 changes to the new Vectra. Well, the original must have been a crock of shite.

Jack Roman
Email

Top Tip

SPREAD the cost of an expensive monthly bus pass by paying for each journey individually.

Mr. Teats
Croydon

Taking stock

It must be great having your own corner shop. Anytime you want anything, you just help yourselves from the shelves. And it's all free! No wonder shopkeepers are always smiling and drive around in Volvo estates.

A. Berry
Grimsby

I had to laugh the other day when I saw a very crude letter about internet porn I'd sent to Viz published on the letters page. Imagine my surprise when I saw it had been printed with my real name in full instead of the pseudonym I'd supplied. My now ex-boss, who used to pay my home phone bill, has clearly failed to see the funny side. You utter, utter cunts.

Neil Weatherall
The Internet

True Brit



I hope those that question Greg Ruzedski's nationality were shamed by the way he played in the recent Davis Cup. His agonising defeat at the hands of that fucking yank shows that he is every bit as worthy of representing us as all the other useless tossers who've won jack shit at tennis and football. And fucking cricket.

M. Duckworth
London

See You, Jimmy

Jimmy Hill seems to be manifesting himself everywhere. Not content with appearing in the Viz or brandishing phallus shaped cucumbers on saucy postcards, he appears on the pages of popular Scottish cartoon 'Oor Wullie' dressed as a rabbit. Thankfully, Wullie hadn't dropped acid, he'd only eaten cheese the night before.

Alan Donnelly
Croydon

Top Tip

BLIND date losers. When receiving a consolation kiss from Cilla, use the opportunity to bite her on the eye.

M. Edwards
Surrey

I've just run out of skins, but unfortunately I'm too mincemeat to go out on my own. If anyone is going past the Esso station on Great Western Road in Glasgow, could you get me some Rizlas? Oh and six packets of Space Raider crisps and four topics.

Douglas B
Glasgow



Top Tip

SCHOOLBOYS. Don't forget to write "Tit" and "Cunt" over the pictures of naked women in your biology text books. This will help you and future generations in their studies.

Chris Mappley
Carshalton



Congratulations to Nick Ross for managing to use his catchphrase "Do Sleep Well" on his flowers for Jill Dando. But what a good job Jill wasn't the co-presenter of 'The Generation Game'. " Didn't he do well" would have struck entirely the wrong note on the flowers from Bruce Forsyth.

F. Peters
Hull

BOILERS... BORDERLINE BOILERS... BORDER

There's been a fantastic response to our request to name your borderline boiler, those strangely unattractive pieces to which your head says no, but your nads say yes. Keep sending your nominations in to the usual address. Meanwhile, here's a few of the 'iffy' birds you'd probably poke at a push.

I wouldn't mind giving a four star service to Caroline Patterson, aka Ruth out of EastEnders. I'd rough up her Glencos with my Ben Nevis, even though she's got a face like a hyena felching a porcupine.

S. Gilman
Edmonton



I'd like to chuck one up Carol Vorderman from behind, eating a curry off her back watching 'Match of the Day' while she does my tax returns.

D. Bovis
Email

I wouldn't mind slipping a length to that Alice Beer. Always providing the lights were really dim, of course. Or if I could wear a blindfold, I suppose.

Mazzy
e-mail

I wouldn't mind a jump on Ready, Steady, Cook's Fern Britton. Eh, lads?

Michael Egan
Edinburgh

I'd love to screw that Konnie Huq off Blue Peter simply so I could boast about it to my hippy lecturer who loves Blue Peter and watches it with his bratty kids. She'd have a sticky back when

I'd finished with her. But no plastic.

Peace Studies student
Bradford

...that Helen Mirren from Prime Suspect is my borderline boiler, handcuffs an' all. I'd give her some prime, and I suspect she'd be back for more.

Mad Dave
Manchester



I nominate mannish redhead Charlie Dimmock, of BBC's crap garden makeover programme 'Groundforce'. Put it this way, if I were a poof, I'd rather give her one up the arse than Alan 'Tit' Titchmarsh or the thick brick-layer.

M. J. Worthington
Macclesfield

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Just ask Walt's head

Each week, you put your questions to Walt Disney's head in a fridge

Dear Walt's head... Where is the coldest place on earth?

Rusty Junior III
Tallahassee, Georgia

Well, I sometimes think it's the end of my nose! Brrrr! But seriously, Rusty, it's probably Alaska or Iceland, or some place really chilly like that.

Dear Walt's head... Why do stars twinkle?

Mary Beth Kozwalski
Hell's Kitchen, NYC

That's a tough one, Mary Beth. I guess it's all the dirt and pollution and stuff in the skies that makes those little fellers twinkle so. Atchoooooo!

Dear Walt's head... Why does a snail leave a silver trail?

Chuck Jerkoff Jnr.
Des Moines, Iowa

Well it helps them slide right along. See, those little critters, why, they carry their houses around on their backs, and that's a mighty tall order when you've only got one foot. Jesus H. Christ, it's cold in here.

□ Rod Hull. It finished 1-1 by the way.

Moose Southampton



□ David Bowie says he cannot remember anything that happened in 1977. Well perhaps I can jog his memory. I had it off with him backstage at the Hammersmith Odeon, and he was shit. The gig was great, but he was no 'Star Man' in bed.

Jackie London

Have you ever shagged somebody famous? Who was it? When did it happen? Were they any good? And what were their unusual requests? Write to us, in complete confidence, telling us all about it, and we'll print the best letters we receive. Mark your envelope 'Shagwatch'.

Dear Walt's head...

Does the light go off in a fridge when the door is closed?

Junior Ableman III, Jnr. IV

Flagstaff, Arizona

Well, little buddy. If I had a dollar for every time someone has asked my head that question...! Yes, it sure does.

Well, my head is starting to thaw out, so we'd best close the old fridge door for this week. Keep those questions coming!

Walt



□ I thought I would write to tell you about a recent shit/piss/nott/snot scenario I had the fortune to play out. Whilst having a shit on the toilet, I started to piss at the same time and to my amazement I felt a sneeze coming on too. This sneeze resulted in snot coming out of my nose and spit flying out of my mouth. It was the first time I have ever had five orifices expelling fluid at the same time. If my ears had started to bleed it would have been knockout. Can any other reader beat this?

A. Nurse Twatt

TOP TIP

Having to read subtitles can be irritating when watching a foreign film. Win brownie points in the cinema by reading the subtitles aloud for others.

Eddie O'Hanlon
e-mail

□ I haven't got a letter, but here's a joke; Question: How many women does it take to change a lightbulb?

Answer: Two. One to change the bulb, the other to suck my cock.

E. Groin Walsall

TOP TIP

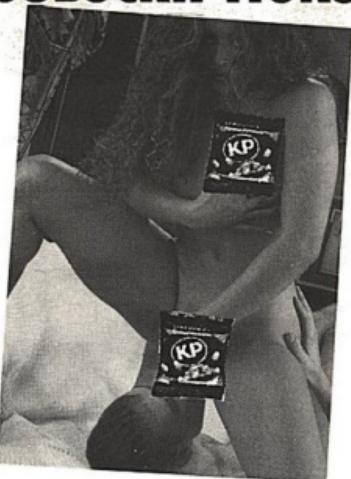
BREAST feeding mothers. Not enough time to make a nice brew-up? Simply hold a tea bag to your nipple and hey presto! A warm, milky mug of tit-tea.

Ruth Shearing
Wood Green



□ Esther Rantzen says in The Sunday Telegraph that an unpleasant child is a contradiction in terms, and that she's never met a child she didn't like. Obviously, she's never come home and found some 13-year-old 'Rat Boy' shitting on her living room carpet with the video under his arm.

Mrs. A. Hedley
Byker



Whilst on holiday in Corfu with Stephanie, her wicked step-mother and Mr. Atkinson, her natural father, Sally the subscription girl slipped on a dog dirt, breaking her leg in three places. She is in hospital in Paleokastritsa where she has been befriended by a swarthy doctor, Spiros Magnesios. So once again, in her place is a hard core pornographic photograph obscured by bags of peanuts. Every new subscriber receives one of these bags, so it's only going to take two new subscribers for everything to be revealed.

The standard UK subscription rate is £8.75 per year (6 issues for the price of 5) or £16.50 for two years (10 issues for the price of 12). EU rate £12.50 per year. Rest of the world £14.00 per year. Extra copies sent to the same address add £7 (UK) or £10 (overseas).

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If you DON'T want us to sell your name and address to other mail order houses, we recommend you tick here. Your home may be at risk from bombardment by junk mail if you fail to tick the box.

Cyril Fletcher's

PHOTO CORNER

I AM indebted to Mr. Mike M. from Altrincham in Cheshire for bringing to my attention one of a series of photographs he discovered in his one-handed reading journal Razzle. It shows what appears to be the Association Football player, Mr. Matthew Le Tissier engaged in a passionate bout of breast-licking with a young lady companion. I am assured by our sender that after further study of the journal, he is able to confirm that the gentleman in the photograph, unlike Mr. Le Tissier's team Southampton, did in fact go down. Esther.....



Mum's the work

□ Why don't all these so-called single mothers employ another single mother as an au-pair? Then they could all get proper jobs.

M. Withinks
Surbiton

Top Tip
DRIVERS for Victoria Taxis of Hebburn. When picking up a fare at 3 a.m. try getting out of the car and ringing the doorbell instead of sounding your horn you fat, sweaty, lard-arsed bastards.

Rooster
Hebburn

□ Why do farmers always put their gates right next to the muddiest parts of the field?

Neil Bye
e. mail

□ Why are tortoises allowed to hibernate for several months and I'm not? I quite fancy October to February in bed but my work won't let me have the time off. I thought we lived in a time of equal opportunities.

C. Mappleby
Surrey



□ Jonathan Ross should be ashamed of himself. All the money he's got and his daughter gets bitten off a snake. I earn just over £100 per week, and my daughter has never been attacked by a reptile. My son once got stung by a wasp, but that was when I was on income support.

Mrs. G. Yarwood
Halesowen

WARNING!
THIEVES OPERATE
IN THIS AREA



Don Swan
Nottingham

Drug abuse

□ Prince Charles reportedly called Tom Parker-Bowles a "bloody fool" for taking



□ Jerry Hall says that to keep your husband keen you must be "a maid in the parlour, a cook in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom." I recently decided to follow her advice. I kept the house very clean, I prepared delicious meals every night, and I allowed dozens of fat businessmen to have sex with me for money in the marital bed. Surprisingly, my husband left me. Did I follow her advice correctly?

Pauline Riley
e. mail



cocaine at the Cannes Film Festival. It's a bit rich having your judgement criticised by the only man in the world who would rather be Camilla's tampon than slip Princess Diana a length.

Spud
Lincoln

□ With regard to Pauline Riley's letter (above), Jerry Hall is talking out of her Texan arse. The perfect woman is obviously going to be a whore in the parlour, a whore in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom. And then she can think about getting my tea on.

R.T.
Kilburn

S. Dickinson
Leeds

Top Tip

SAVE money on expensive digital cameras by simply building models of your friends and family out of Lego and then taking pictures of them with a normal camera.

Orson Cart
Cullercoats

□ In reply to A. Nurse's letter (this issue), I can beat that, as on my deathbed I apparently erupted from every orifice, though I freely concede, that strictly speaking, I did not actually experience it being at the time dead. If I had survived, doubtless I would have said something remarkably witty. And then bummmed a jockey.

Oscar Wilde
Pere Lachaise Cemetery

Top Tip
CREATE your own solar eclipse by attaching a football to a broom handle and holding it in front of the sun. For a lunar eclipse, simply substitute a banana.

P. Less
e-mail

□ Rob Thompson's suggestion (issue 94) about the publishers of The Big Issue introducing a subscription scheme would have another advantage. It would mean that the hard-working vendors could stay at home in front of the fire with their feet up, or make use of their new-found leisure time by going to the opera or ballet.

Don Swan
Nottingham

What's the naughtiest thing you've ever done?

YOU CONFESS

Steve Jenkins, 22, dispatch rider
"When I was 16, I borrowed my dad's car without permission. I crashed it, and said it had been stolen."



Richard Turd-Burglar, 12, ad-sales manager

"When I was a teenager in Australia, I used to steal women's underwear from washing lines and wear it in bed."

Peter Sutcliffe, 53, lorry driver
"Between the dates of February 1977 and November 1980, in the counties of West and South Yorkshire, I attacked and killed 13 women."



Andy Turnbull, 32, coffee machine engineer

"Once while stopping at my granny's, I used her false teeth to wipe my arse with, then put them back in her mouth."



Q In this century Britain has only made war with countries who's capital cities begin with the letter 'B'. Germany (Berlin), Argentina (Buenos Aires), Iraq (Baghdad) and Serbia (Belgrade). China change the name of Peking to Beijing and we bomb their embassy. One hopes in the new century we will show a little more imagination when making war with other nations.

Martin Harwood
Bradford

Muff Justice

Q If a woman says no, she means no, but if she tells me she's over 16 then it's my call. Where's the justice?

S. Partridge
e. mail

Top Tip

BOB Caroleege. If Spit the Dog asks you to adjust your TV aerial, tell him to fuck off and do it himself.

Hapag Lloyd
Runcorn

Huddline News



Q The death of Rod Hull has proved to be a bit of a disappointment for me. I originally misheard the news report and thought they said ROY HUDD. Imagining how sad I was to hear that the old cunt was still alive.

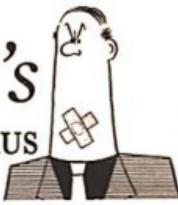
G. McKendrick
Glasgow

Top Tip

FEELING unattractive? Simply watch Robot Wars. Seeing all those spotty geeks paying more attention to a twin armature 12V motor than Phillipa Forster in a skin tight top bending over to pick a washer up off the floor is bound to make you feel like a super-stud.

Richard Harrison
Tywyn

Roger's Profanisaurus UPDATE



Contributions to Roger's Profanisaurus have been coming like shit off a shovel. Here's some of the one's we've received. Keep them coming, and watch out for another Profanisaurus containing brand new expletives, euphemisms and colourful obscenities, FREE in the autumn with Viz ISSUE 98.

double bassing v. To have sex from behind fiddling with the lady's left nipple with your left hand and her clematis with your right, a position similar to the one adopted when playing the double bass, although the sound is completely different.

drown some kittens v. To pass a litter of small stools which nobody wants to give a home to.

DVDA n. Double vaginal, double anal. The Holy Grail of pornographic video acts, presumably involving four India Rubber-men and one uncomfortable woman.

facepainting v. To adorn one's spouse with jelly jewellery (qv).

go all the way to Cockfosters v. To have sexual intercourse. As in "I thought I'd have to go home via the Big Mill Roundabout, but she took me all the way to Cockfosters."

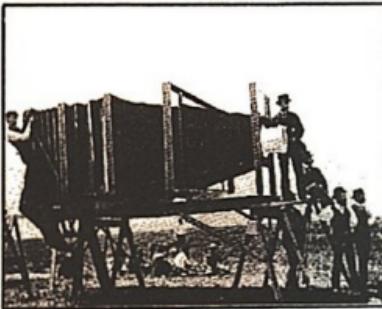
hand to gland combat n. A three-minute, one man bout of gladiatorial combat involving a spasm javelin.

horse eating oats sim. As "She hasn't been shagged for ages. If you put your hand down her pants it would be like a horse eating oats."

Thanks to: Nick Boccacci, Stuart Ducksbury, Alan Cohen, Knox T. Millaps, Jason Webb, Nick McDonald, Arnie. Please send your rude words or phrases to: Ribena de Farquhar-Toss, Roger's Profanisaurus, Viz Comic, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT or fax them on 0191 2414244, or e-mail them to viz.comic@virgin.net or put them directly on the interactive swearing dictionary at the Viz website: www.viz.co.uk



BACK ISSUES



This is B.I.G.A.R.S.E. (Back Issue Giant Automatic Requirement Spotting Equipment). Put simply, it's the biggest camera in the world, and it's housed on the Downs high above the Viz Nuclear Back Issue Facility at Bradley Stoke North. Thanks to this equipment, you don't even have to leave your home to buy a back issue of Viz. Just get a friend to write the issue number(s) you require across your buttocks, then stick them out of the window during office hours, Monday to Friday. The camera is so powerful, that your order will be photographed wherever you live in the world. Then simply send us confirmation of your buttock order through the usual postal channels using the form below.

I hereby confirm that I would like to purchase the following back issues, the numbers of which I have written on my bum and stuck out the window, as you know.

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86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95

I enclose a cheque/postal order crossed and made payable to 'John Brown Publishing Limited' OR

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TINRIBS

11-YEAR-OLD TOMMY TAYLOR HAD A FANTASTIC ROBOT FOR A PAL.

IT'S A LOVELY SUNNY DAY CHILDREN - SO INSTEAD OF LESSONING, WE'LL TAKE A TRIP TO THE ZOO.



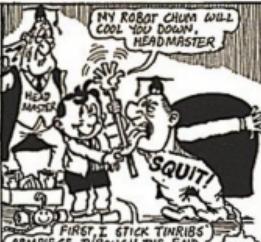
HOORAY! I LOVE THE ZOO - HOW ABOUT YOU, TINKERS?

HI. I'M BARBIE. I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH.

WAIT A MINUTE - THIS HOT SUNNY WEATHER IS MAKING ME IRITABLE AND BAD-TEMPERED.



SO INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE ZOO, YOU WILL ALL RETURN TO SCHOOL FOR TEN HOURS OF LONG DIVISION FOLLOWED BY A SADISTIC BEATING.



MY ROBOT CHUM WILL COOL YOU DOWN, HEADMASTER.

WHEEE! I STICK TINRIBS ARMPIECE THROUGH THE END OF MR SNOODWORTHY'S TONGUE (AWK!)

**TWIST
TWIST
TWIST
TWIST**

EK! AK! IK! EEK!

WHIRRURRRRRRRRR

THESE YOUR OWN PERSONAL TONGUE-POWERED ELECTRIC FAN

AN' LOVELY COOL BREEZE. WELL DONE TAYLOR.

THANKS TO TINRIBS, I'M IN A GOOD MOOD AGAIN.



ZOO
TIME
TICKET
GO WELL GO TO THE ZOO AFTER ALL.

I'M AFRAID THE DEPRESSED MONKEY WILL NOT BE MASTURBATING TODAY, AS IT HAS CHEWED ITS OWN ARMS OFF OUT OF BOREDOM.



HOW DISAPPOINTING.

MY ELECTRONIC BUDDY CAN PROVIDE A REPLACEMENT MONKEY - WITH MR SNOODWORTHY'S ASSISTANCE.



SEE - TINRIBS' RUBBER-GLOVE HANDS MAKE IDEAL MONKEY FEET...

...AND HIS TOW-ROPE MAKES A SMASHING TAIL.



EXCELLENT! A MOST CONVINCING MONKEY-SUBSTITUTE. GET IN THE CASE AND START WANKING, MR SNOODWORTHY - BUT HEADMASTER...

HA! HA! LOOK AT THE DIRTY MONKEY PLAYING WITH ITSELF!



ON THE HUMILIATION

GRR! THAT DRAFTED ROBOT IS CAUSING ME ENDLESS PAIN.



I'LL FIX HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL WITH THIS POWERFUL MAGNET



HEH! HEH! I'LL DANGLE MY MAGNET OVER THE TIN TIN AS HE PASSES BENEATH.



YIKES! THE BRANCH HAS BROKEN.



THUNK! YOU'VE LANDED NECK-FIRST ON A JAGGED SOUP TIN. IT'S SEVERED A MAJOR ARTERY.



HUH? CAN'T YOU READ? PUT THAT BLOOD AWAY MY ONCE! SPONGE SPONGE SPONGE CHARGE



HUH? LISTEN, TINRIBS - THAT PARROT IS IMITATING YOU.



"I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH" SOUNDS LIKE THAT STINKING ROBOT IS IN HERE.

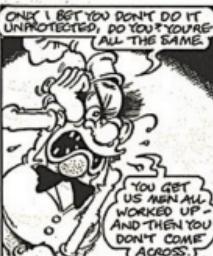


TAKE THIS YOU METAL MORON! CLONK! NO EAT



HUH? THAT'S RIGHT TINRIBS. IF THOSE KANGAROOS KEEP HITTING MR SNOODWORTHY, THEN ZODIAC OR LATER HE PROBABLY WILL DIE OF MASSIVE INTERNAL INJURIES.

FRU T. BUNN the MASTER BAKER & HIS GINGERBREAD DOLLS



Not got the bottle to buy a jazzmag...?

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NUDE
PHOTOGRAPHY
- with particular emphasis
on A, T and F



"Look at the size
of them! Where's
me Kleenex?"
- pictures of big tits taken on
Kodak Elite Chrome
Extra Colour 100

Glamour Mastur-class

-just enough stuff
about lighting and that
to justify the muffshots.

We test Pentax's
£4000 645N

- by taking lots
of shots of
women's
arses



Composing the
perfect landscape
(don't worry - only 1/4 of a page)

100 READERS'
GLAMOUR PICTURES ASSESSED

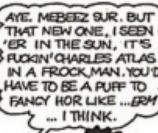
Our Photo-Clinic editor drones on about composition and
depth of field - while you stick the pages together

OUT NOW

Tasha Slappa's Mam



SID THE SEXIST



AYE, BUT SID, THEZ TWO KINDS OF LESBIANS - THE KIND THAT PUT ON A SHOW FOR BLURKS AT PARTIES AN' THEZ THE KIND THAT DONT'VENT THINK IT'S FUNNY WHEN Y'PEE THEIR ARSE ON THE MERO.



SQUADDIE McDOWELL



JOHNNY BALL REVEALS ALL!



Johnny lifts the blue T-shirt over his head.



He strips for some grass-cutting action

JOHNNY BALL reveals all his charms as he strips off whilst mowing the lawn of his Buckinghamshire home.

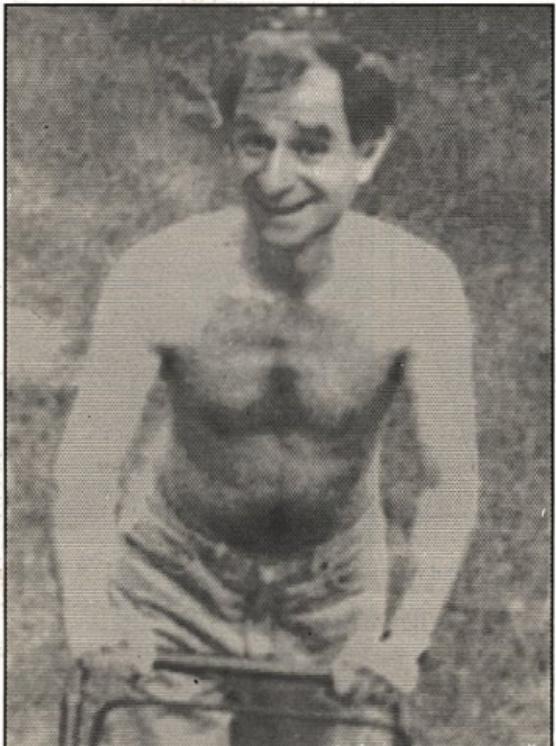
The gorgeous telly babe slipped his blue top over his head to reveal a fine set of assets.

Bubbly 'Think of a Number' presenter Johnny, 61, showed that he has certainly got ONE figure worth thinking about.

One neighbour said: "All the men here go topless when doing their lawns, but Johnny really shone. He looked fantastic."

Johnny - taking a break after quitting T.V.'s 'Play School' in 1983 - later sat with wife Diane and had a nice cup of tea.

Pictures: ENRICO RATZORIZZO



PHWOOAR! Show us some MOWER Johnny

PERV FALLS FOR BEAUTY

A PEEPING Tom fell 90ft to his death from a tree as he tried to spy on a topless beauty who was mowing the lawn.

Perver

The filthy pervert had inched his way along a branch overlooking the garden, as he tried to snap pictures of the unsuspecting stunner.

Sicko

"We all go topless when mowing our lawns round here", said neighbour George Fisher, "but you don't expect to be spied on by sickos."

Filthy

Another neighbour said: "I heard a scream from the tree, and saw a man desperately grabbing at a branch. Then he disappeared and the scream got fainter until I heard a thump. Serves him right."

OBITUARY

**Enrico Ratzorizzo
1974 - 1999**

VIZ SNAPPER Enrico Ratzorizzo - who has been killed in a tragic accident on an assignment in Buckinghamshire - had in his short but illustrious career earned himself a reputation for fearless professionalism and cold, ferret-like persistence, writes Picture Desk Editor, Ronnie Shit.

Loved

Over the past few years Enrico earned himself the title 'The People's Parasite' for his brutal disregard for the privacy or feelings of his victims.

Sensitive

Three-times winner of the prestigious Chuck Berry Award for Intrusive Photojournalism, Ratzorizzo was the lensman behind many front page scoops, including the first shots of Arthur Askey's legs in a hospital incinerator, and his sensational pic-



tures of Christopher Reeve fighting for his life, taken from inside the air-conditioning system of the Intensive Care Unit.

Caring

But he will be best remembered for his sensitive coverage of Benny Hill's decaying corpse, photographed through the dead star's letterbox over the four day period he lay undiscovered.

Charity

He leaves a camera with an absolutely enormous lens, and a high-powered motorcycle with white Fiat Uno paint down the side.

Your guide to the Royal Copulation Ceremony **ROMP and CIRC**

AT 5pm on the 19th of June, Britain's church bells will peal to celebrate the wedding of HRH Prince Edward to Miss Sophie Rhys-Jones. And at 11pm that evening, Prince Edward's bellend will peel as the Royal marriage is consummated in a ceremony which has remained virtually unchanged since the days of William the Conqueror.

Royal consummations have traditionally been secretive affairs taking place behind closed doors, the details being known only to a privileged few insiders. But in the post-Diana spirit of openness, the palace has for the first time released details of the happy couple's wed-ding-night itinerary.

Posh

After the service at St. George's Chapel, the Royal newly-weds will attend a posh reception hosted by the Queen at Windsor Castle.

At 10.35pm, they will retire to the magnificent Nuptial Chamber in the East wing. At 11.00pm, the ceremony begins in earnest as the couple make their way into twin en-suite bathrooms to disrobe.

Baby

It falls to the Archbishop of Canterbury - the only onlooker allowed inside the royal bedroom - to help the bride into the majestic Ann Summers split-crotch panties and peep-hole negligee first worn by Queen Mary in 1554. In time-honoured tradition, The Archbishop performs this duty wearing oven gloves so as he can't feel her tits.

ADVERTISEMENT



The new Princess proceeds through the doorway at 11.01, beginning the five-yard walk to the marital bed, followed closely by the Archbishop.

Scary

As the procession passes the glorious mirror-fronted built-in wardrobes, Princess Sophie may pause briefly to dig the itchy, nylon knickers out the crack of her arse. She then waits while the Archbishop draws back the duvet before she climbs

gracefully onto the bed to await the arrival of her husband.

Sporty

At 11.02 precisely, the Prince steps out of his bathroom and for the first time Princess Sophie sees him resplendent in ceremonial polycotton pyjamas.

Ginger

The Prince approaches the bed from the opposite direction and pauses. The Archbishop then steps forward and, in a scene that has been repeated for hundreds of centuries, stoops onto one knee and lowers the royal pyjama bottoms.

Danny

Like many Princesses before her, Sophie may struggle to keep her emotions in check, as, for the first time, she claps eyes on the royal wedding tackle. The Archbishop then retires discreetly to the end of the bed from where he witnesses the proceedings as the official representative of the Church of England.



St. George's Chapel (above), scene of the wedding, and the Majestic Nuptial Chamber (left), scene of the knobbing

By our Royal Correspondent

**Tamara Pyjama
Banana-Tompkinson**

At 11.03, the ceremony begins in earnest again as the Prince signals his intentions by rubbing her knockers once... twice... three times.

He then holds aloft the Imperial penis - known for centuries as Pink Rod - which slowly makes its way towards the entrance of Sophie's lavishly-pubbed beefy drapes. After pausing to bang about a bit, at 11.04 precisely, the curtains to the inner chamber are slowly parted and Pink Rod leads the procession along the vaginal passage, flanked by two hairy knackers.

Taking 'STEPS' to Modernise the Monarchy

THE POMP and pageantry of Royal Consummations have served the country well for over a thousand years. But as the new millennium approaches, is the time right to break with tradition and modernise the ceremony?

After eating strong cheese at bedtime, our royal correspondent had a dream, in which he asked top teen pop sensations 'Steps', whose latest record, 'Blancmange Baby', is currently storming up the charts, if and how they would modernise the ceremonial nookie habits of the Royal Family.



"The Royals have to keep their dignity," said singer Clare, 20. "Fancy sex is all well and good, but we look up to our Royal Family to set an example."



Hunky keyboard wizard Lee, 20, wasn't so sure. "If they were a little less prim and proper between the sheets, these Royal consummations would attract even more tourists into the country than they do," he told us.



"Edward and Sophie should be allowed to do whatever they like in bed," said singer Faye, 20. "Old fuddy-duddies shouldn't be allowed to tell them what to do."



"They should take a leaf out of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands's book," said Lisa, 20. "She is more in touch with her subjects because she rides around on a bike and has common, everyday sex."



Heart-throb hurdy-gurdy player H, 20, was more specific. "Our Royals are far too boring in the sack. They want to get with the programme and do more sexy stuff. I reckon they should do S&M, DVDA and ESD," said H.

All we are saying is



"Give PEAS a chance!"

Issued by the Pea Marketing Council

everybody's talking about CUMSTANCE

We take you behind the bedroom curtains on Edward's big night in

At 11.05, the ceremony reaches its magnificent climax, when the royal pods bang three times on the Princess's Biffin's Bridge, signalling that the royal wad has been spent.

The majestic ritual over, the procession quickly withdraws and the Prince rolls over, emitting a fanfare fart. At this point the

Archbishop, now resplendent in a purple and gold silk trouser-tent, steps forward and invites the Prince and Princess to sign the official deed of *Coitus Compleatus*.

Richard

On the stroke of midnight the bottom sheet is raised

on a flagpole high above the battlements of Windsor Castle. This is greeted by a deafening cheer from the thousands of spectators who have waited for hours on the Chapel Hill lawns hoping to be amongst the first to see Edward and Sophie's map of Africa.



It's a right Royal COCK-UP!

THANKS to meticulous planning, royal consummations usually pass off without a hitch, but over the years there have been a few times when it's not been 'Alright on the Wedding Night'.

- In 1881 it wasn't all plain-sailing on Charles and Diana's big night aboard the Royal Yacht Britannia, when the Prince accidentally locked himself in the bathroom. The ceremony was delayed by three minutes whilst the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie kicked the door in.

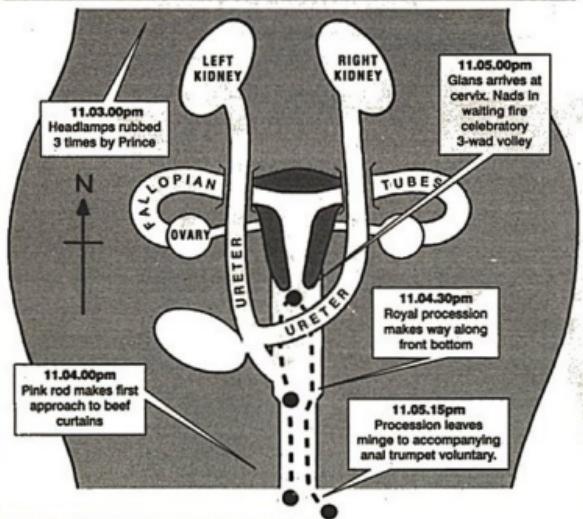
- King Henry VIII was so disappointed in the size of Anne of Cleves's tits that he was unable to raise Pink Rod, and the



ceremony and caught the metal bolt fastened through his bobby's helmet on his zip. He spent the rest of the night with the Windsor Fire Brigade trying to free his chopper with a hacksaw.

- Another one of Henry VIII's six wedding nights went pear-shaped in 1536. During the consummation of his marriage to Anne Boleyn, the hapless Queen let rip with a thunderous fanny fart, blowing batter-bits into the King's beard. She was beheaded later that year.

That Royal Wedding Night Root in full



COMMEMORATIVE Consummation Mug GENUINE READER OFFER

To commemorate this beautiful occasion we've commissioned 500 of these souvenir ceramic mugs. And one can be yours for the princely sum of eight first class stamps, and that includes p&p. Simply fill in the little form below, stick it in an envelope with the stamps and send it to: Royal Wedding Mug Offer, Viz Comic, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1PT.

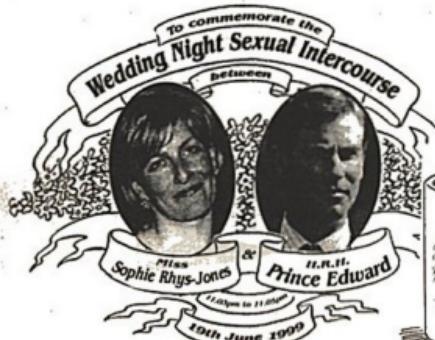
Please send me one of them mugs - here's eight 26p stamps.

Name _____

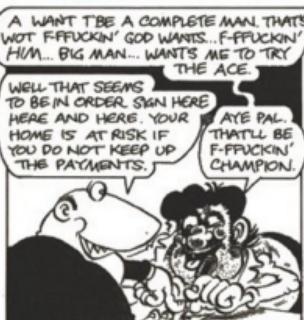
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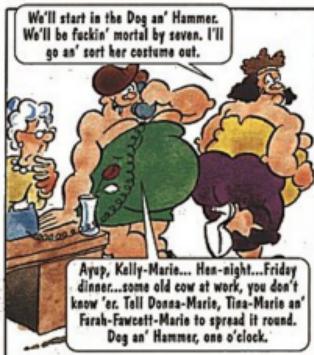
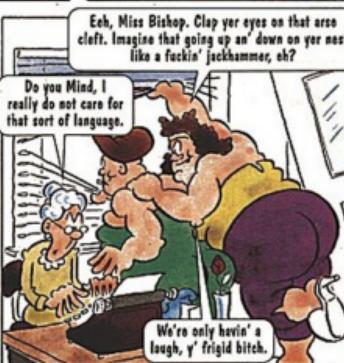
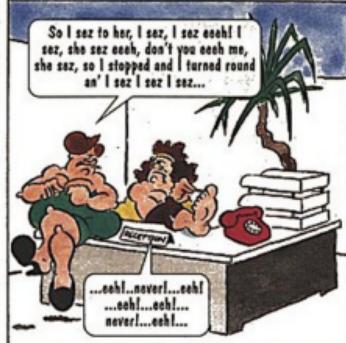
Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.



8ACE THE THIRSTY FAMILY MAN



OH. LORDY! IT'S.. THE FAT SLAGS

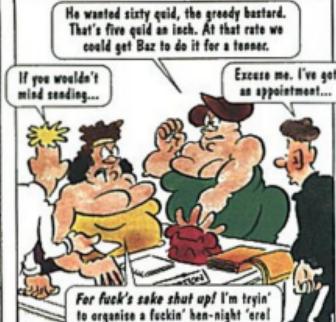


Tracey,
could
you
send a fax
to...

Right. That's the booze, the balloons, the johnnies and the dildos sorted out. Now to book a strip-o-gram.

'Ere's one. 'Seymour Dick. Your wildest fantasies come true'. Fancy calling somebody Seymour Dick.

Excuse me...



That night...

So anyway, Baz, 8 o'clock on Friday, you comes in to the King's Head dressed as a copper or a fireman or summertime, drop yer kecks and wave yer gut-stick in Miss Bishop's face.

She'll fuckin' love it.



Don't fret, Baz. I saw a documentary about men strippers on Sky. What you do is, before hand, y' go into the bog w/ a copy of Razzle an' you tug yourself a semi-on. Then you put a tight elastic band around the base before you get the droop.



Friday night...

C'mon, Miss Bishop. Yer nowhere near pissed enough, yet.

I'll get the drinks in.



There you go. They didn't have any pineapple juice, Miss Bishop, so I got you a triple Pernod and double Southern Comfort.



It's a copper... come f'you, Miss Bishop!

COOO-EEE!
Over 'ere, P.C. Baz!



Erm... Miss Bishop, I'm afraid you're going to... I mean... I'm going to have to take down your particulars... etc... I mean my particulars.



Ner! Ner!
Ner! Ner!

Eeh! It's terrible, girls.
I can't feel me cock at all.

HOSPITAL
COCK HOSPITAL

Now y' know
ow we feel, Baz.

Na-na-na-na!

The End

THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING



DIRTY GARY!

GARY BARLOW charmed fans as Take That's Mr. Clean - but today he exposes the filthy truth behind his squeaky-clean image by admitting: "I have sometimes been to the toilet and then not washed my hands afterwards."

In an exclusive interview, the ex-star revealed he has been less than scrupulous with regard to personal hygiene HUNDREDS of times.

Wild

Gary, 28, said: "Take That was a wild roller-coaster ride. We were so out of control that by the time Robbie left the band, I was regularly eating biscuits before bed-time... AFTER brushing my teeth."

Austin

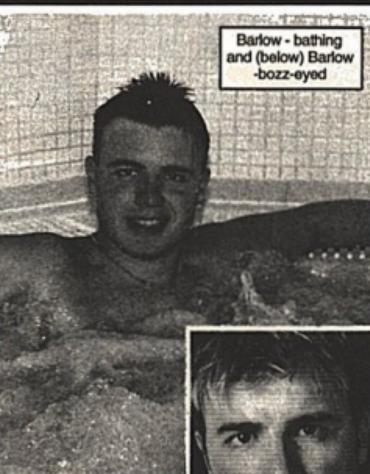
In an amazing outburst the singer, whose new single 'Angel Delight Lady' is released on Thursday confessed: "Everybody thought Robbie was the wildman

Soap-shy superstar comes clean

of the group, but I ran him a close second. He may have blown a fortune on cocaine and fast cars, but once I didn't wash my hair for a whole week."

Dallas

"If you'd read our publicity, you'd have thought we were saints. But nothing could be further from the truth. I remember

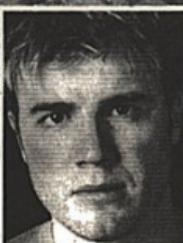


Barlow - bathing
and (below) Barlow -boozed-eyed

after one gig on our last tour I crashed out in the hotel. I woke up the next morning and put the SAME UNDERPANTS back on. That was the state I was in. I was like a zombie. When Howard Donald asked me why I was scratching my knackers, I knew I needed help."

Allied

The frank admission of not being particularly clean sometimes will shock those who saw Gary as the well-



scrubbed sanitary one in the band. But Gary says his unhygienic days are through. He said: "I've been clean for three years now. When I marry my long-time fiancee, Dawn, in July, I'll make sure I'm spotless from head to toe. I'll even wash behind my ears! And under the bridge. You will mention my new record won't you?"

Julie
Burchill

My name is Julie I am 39 and three quarters I live in Brighton I have a cat it is called fluffy it is nice. I don't like boys I had a boyfriend he is called Tony he tried to kiss me at the NME on the lips it was horrid I hate him he smells. My granny died I was sad I cried the vicar put her in the ground there was ham sandwiches and sausage rolls and cake and crisps it was nice she was a communist.

My best friend is Charlotte we go out to play she let me look down her pants I saw her foofoo I showed her my foofoo.

I don't like John Peel I hate him lots all the others think John Peel is nice I hate him Charlotte says he did a poo in his pants and a wee. He smells. Tony likes John Peel I don't like Tony and I don't like John Peel they are smelly fat pigs. I write stories nobody likes my stories it's not fair.

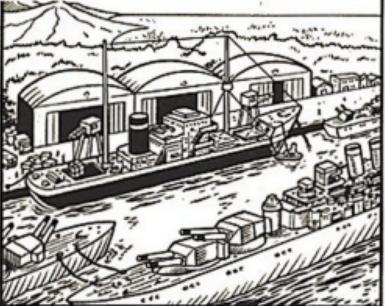
TOMORROW: "THE NIGHT MY FINGER WENT THROUGH THE TOILET PAPER - AND I SNIFFED IT."

S.O.S. - We have no bananas!

December 1940, and Britain has its back against the wall. As the Nazi blitz continues, morale is at an all-time low.

Sob! Sob! My house is destroyed, my husband is dead, and I haven't had a banana for two years.

At a secret location in the Windward Isles, Jack Sparrow and his pal 'Chalky' Cheeseman were loading crates aboard a British Merchant ship...



But with the next crate...

Blooming 'eff, Chalky-Bananas! If Jerry gets wind of what we're carrying, every U-boat in the Atlantic will be on our tail.



Ere, you two! Put them 'bananas back in the crate and get on with it... and you saw nothing. Okay?



At the headquarters of the British Military in the bowels of Whitehall, stark realities were being faced.



It looks like the Germans could invade any time, Prime Minister

We shall fight them on the beaches

But to do that we need bananas



We don't need weapons, but we do need to boost the moral of the country.



Yes...we must have bananas! We must have bananas today!

Born with three legs, Jack had failed his navy medical, and had been consigned to mundane work in the merchant navy.



Under Royal Navy escort, the precious cargo about the M.V. Albatross set course for England...



No, Chalky... DON'T... Munch! Munch! Oh come on, Jack. Munch! One banana ain't going to do no harm or nuffing!

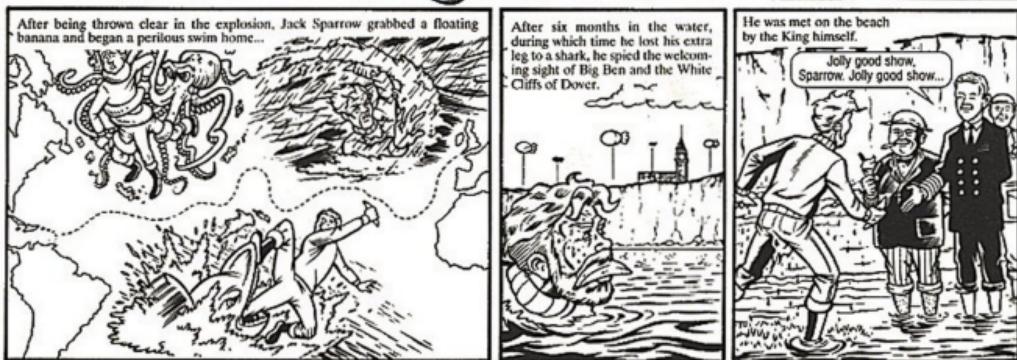
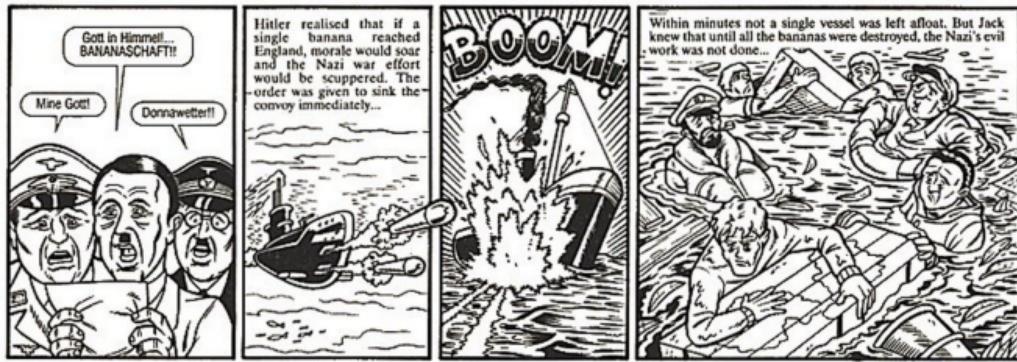


But...



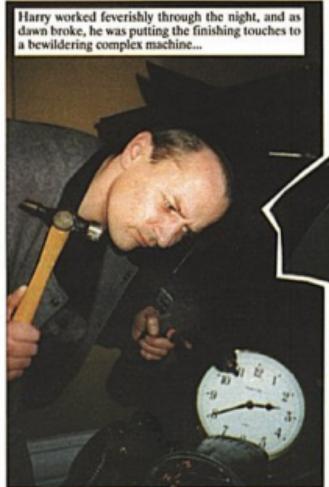
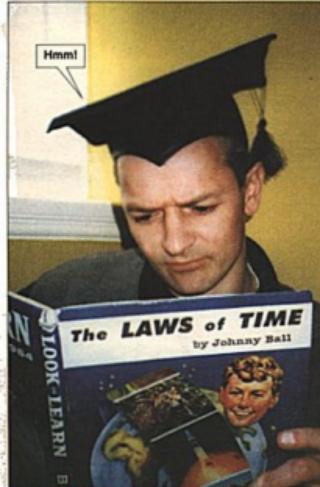
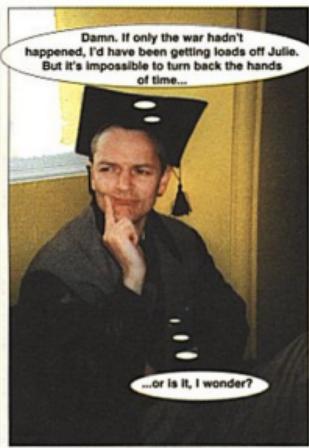
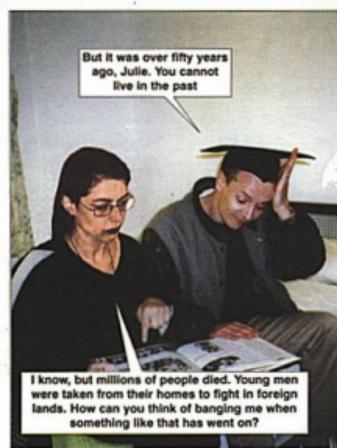
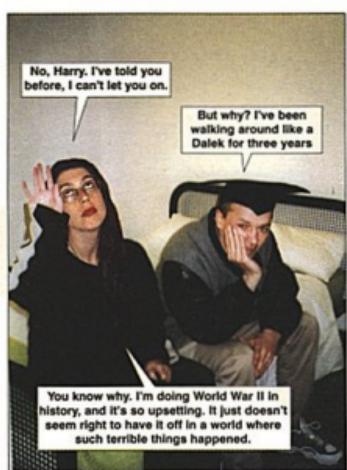
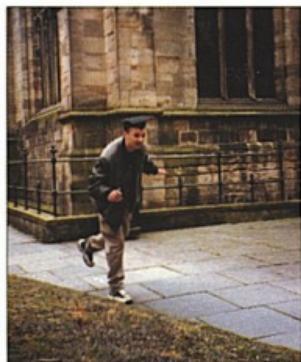
The information about the convoy's cargo was relayed immediately to Hitler's bunker...



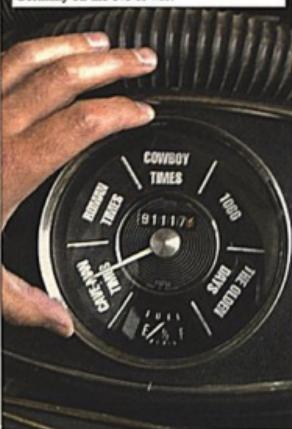


If I could turn back time...

Physics student Harry Wells had been going out with pretty history student Julie Verne since they met in their first week at Oxford University. Now in their final term, Harry was sure that Julie was the girl for him, and was rushing across to her hall of residence to ask a very special question...



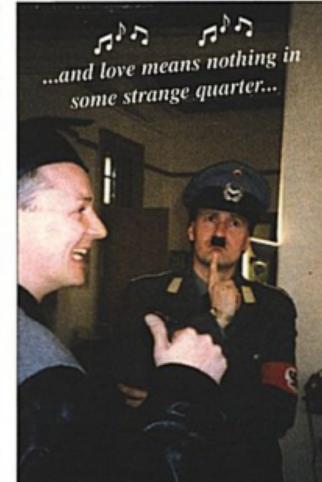
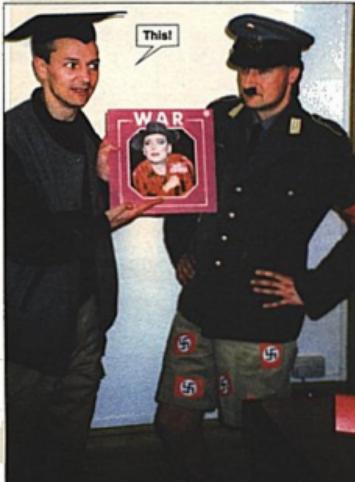
Nervously, Harry set the coordinates for Nazi Germany on the eve of war.

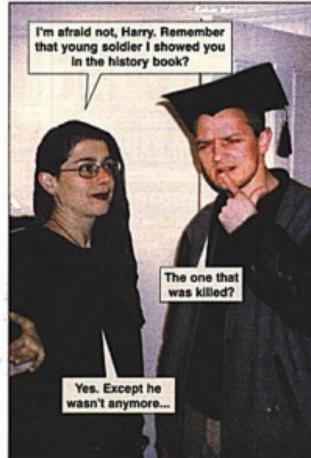
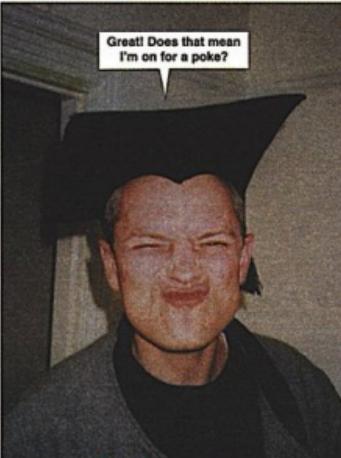
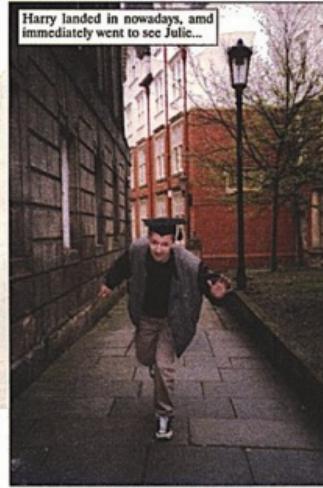


Harry arrived at Nazi Germany in 1939. He took a few moments to get his bearings, before stepping from the machine.



Suddenly, Harry realised he was not alone...





The End

ROGER MELLIE

THE MAN ON THE TELLY
RADIO

ROGER HAS BEEN THROWN A CAREER LIFELINE - HE'S TAKEN OVER FROM THE AGING JOHN DULL AS HOST OF BBC RADIO 2'S 'DRIVE TIME SHOW'...

...AND THAT WAS... THE SMALL FACES WITH 'LAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON'

REMINDS ME OF MY DAYS ON CAROLINE, THAT ONE...

CAROLINE MY SECRETARY AT RADIO 1, THAT IS...

BOLLOCKS

I WENT LIKE A TRAIN SHE DID I REMEMBER ONCE AT A PARTY AT TONY BLACKBURN'S HOUSE... ON HIS WATER BED. ACTUALLY, I'D HAD A FEW DRINKS, BUT I WAS STIFF AS A ROLLING PIN...

LEAVE IT ROGER GO TO THE TRAFFIC!

ANYWAY, ER, WHERE WAS I? AH, YES SPEAKING OF LAZY SUNDAYS AND SMALL FACES, IT'S NOT SUNDAY AND HERE'S SOMEONE WITH QUITE A BIG FACE... AND AN ARSE TO MATCH... IT'S OUR TRAVEL GIRL SALLY P...

ERM, THANK YOU, ROGER...

...I DON'T KNOW IF THAT WAS A ER COMPLIMENT OR NOT

HEY! TOUCHY! TOUCHY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH BIG ARSES... I'VE SHAGGED FATTER THAN YOU, SALLY, AND ENJOYED IT! SO, TELL US ABOUT THE TRAFFIC

LATER...

I'VE TOLD YOU, ROGER! TAKE IT EASY WITH SALLY. I THINK YOU'VE UPSET HER AGAIN

COME ON, TOM. YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT RUFFLING A FEW EGGS: SEXUAL CHEMISTRY. THAT'S WHAT IT IS...

AM I, OR ARENT I POKING HER? THAT'S WHAT THE LISTENERS WANT TO KNOW. PUTS EARS ON SEATS, TOM

ANYWAY, I CAN'T STAND HERE GABBING ALL DAY. I'M MEETING SOME BLOKE IN THE HOTEL ACROSS THE ROAD. SOME SORT OF SPONSORSHIP DEAL TO DISCUSS...

SEE YOU LATER, TOM

Hotel de Posh

C'MON, I'VE GOT A ROOM BOOKED UP. STAIRS



I CAN'T TALK BUSINESS WITHOUT A TOOT OF THE OLD MARCHING POWDER INSIDE ME

I'VE ORDERED A COUPLE OF RUSSIAN PRO'S FOR US. THEY SHOULD BE IN HERE READY!

NO... I JUST WANTED TO...

WOOF! WOOF! THEY LOOK TASTY! THE LAST LOT THEY SENT ME WERE A RIGHT LOAD OF SHOT-POTTERS. WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT FIRST, ERH?

GIGGLE!

COME ON, GET STUCK IN OR I'LL HAVE EM BOTH MYSELF. ERH...

NO, ROGER, YOU SEE...



ACTUALLY, WHAT I CAME HERE TO SAY, WAS...

I'LL DO A LINE OFF ONE OF HER TITS. WATCH THIS!

ROGER MELLIE, ANCHOR MAN, BROADCASTER AND TV PRESENTER. TONIGHT... THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

SNORT!

EH?... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!... I CAH!... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I FELL FOR IT. YOUR DISGUISE! I BET THAT TOM WAS IN ON IT. EH? HEH! HEH! FUCK ME RAGGED!



THE CRITICS

John Farquhar 299

ROYAL COURT THEATRE

From veteran playwright, Arnold Usbourne, comes a deeply moving monologue... An angry rant against injustice...

BASTARDS!!
STABBED IN THE BACK!!
YEARS OF MY LIFE WASTED!!

ROYAL COURT THEATRE BAR

How tragic it is that his latest play has closed after just one performance...

Closed thanks to your bloody review, you hypocrites! You never even came to see it!!



It's well known that you haven't written anything worth seeing for years, Arnold...

One didn't want to cloud ones professional judgement by getting too close to the production...

Well no-one'll get the chance to see it now... I suppose you've come to gloat...

Not at all... We've come on professional business...

We've come to interview you for the Sunday Chronicle.

An interview? With me?... Right! I'll tell 'em a thing or two...

Well, er, not so much of an actual interview as a sort of profile of your life and career...

We need to check a few details...

You see, our editor's heard how you're drinking yourself into an early grave and she wants to make sure that we've got an up-to-date obituary on disc...

To be ready for when we need it...

Obituary??? You can write your own bloody obituaries!! I'm going to ram this review down your throats with a broken whisky bottle till you choke to death on your own words!

Using typically hyperbolic language, Usbourne attempts to set up a completely unconvincing dramatic scenario... Ridiculously far-fetched...

Ten minutes later...

Who would have thought that this writer still had it in him to produce scenes of such irreverent humour? Shocking and deeply affecting... Cough cough...

So who have we got coming up next?

Natasha and Crispin Critic, your saintliness...

Ah yes... Both born in 1959...

Congratulations! It's a boy!

Congratulations! It's a girl

One emerges from this almost womb-like installation feeling that the whole tedious experience has been at least 9 months too long...

...A rather lacklustre delivery by the mother-figure, not helped by an inadequate and uncharismatic supporting cast

Both children showed an early interest in the arts...

PLAYGROUP

Come on, Crispin. Let's paint a picture like the other boys and girls, shall we?

There! Mine's the best, isn't it?

It's rubbish! Crispin's made a mess!

No no, it's... lovely. For a first attempt. Why don't you have another go, Crispin?

Crispin?

One no longer feels the need to waste ones talents as a mere practitioner... One has a higher calling...

Ah yes, one has rarely had the misfortune to encounter such a putrid heap of mediocrity... This entire exhibition is made up of the worthless daubings of a particularly immature school of painters...

Are you going to play in the Wendy house with the others, Natasha?

Frankly, one is reluctant to become involved in a production where an ill-conceived group casting decision has dictated that I am not allowed to be the mummy.

I mean, what can one say about this second rate attempt at kitchen-sink realism? The plot is entirely devoid of any narrative drive, the actors fail to bring any emotional depth to their roles and the set lacks any sense of gritty urban decay...

They continued to develop their craft as critics throughout their time at school...

Though it was at University where their work took on a new subtlety...

Robertson's clumsy use of the chalk medium against the nihilistic black canvas results in an ultimately uninspiring piece...

Bland and incomprehensible

Tch! Another evening wasted at a terrible student production... I'll just rattle off my review for the Cambridge Arts Soc. Magazine.



"In Toby Tompkinson-Smythe's new play, badly written dialogue and laughable over-acting combine to make a totally ridiculous production."

Ahem... Isn't Toby's father the Arts Editor on The Sunday Chronicle?

Ah... I'll just re-write this slightly...

"In Toby Tompkinson-Smythe's new play, bravely experimental dialogue and an almost Brechtian, declamatory style of acting combine to make a truly remarkable break with the conventions of naturalism."

...a subtlety which gave them a real edge in the competitive world of arts journalism.



... And the rest of their pretentious, self-serving, parasitic little career is all too well known...

So do we let them in, or what?

Hmm... It's a tricky one... on one hand they haven't actually committed any mortal sin which I could send them down below for...

I suppose that's true.

On the other hand, I don't think I could stand having them up here

This entire space seems to lack the gritty pain and suffering so essential to great art...

Indeed... One finds the relentless beauty and perfection rather shallow and decorative...



I think we're going to have to go for the reincarnation option... I'll send them back to earth as a really low form of life...

Lower than critics? That's going to be hard...

2 months later...

Well, my writing career's ruined, I'm serving a life sentence for murder... and now my cell has become infested with fleas...

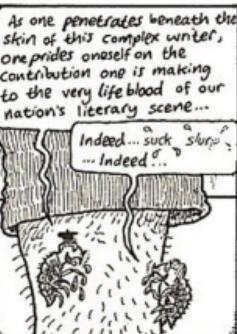
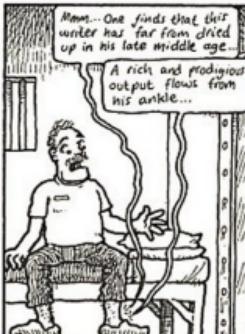
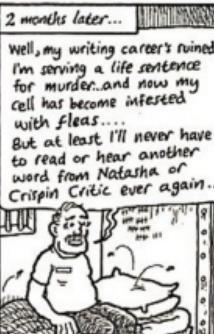
But at least I'll never have to read or hear another word from Natasha or Crispin Critic ever again...

Hmm... One finds that this writer has 'fallen dry' in his late middle age...

A rich and prodigious output flows from his ankle...

As one penetrates beneath the skin of this complex writer, one prides oneself on the contribution one is making to the very lifeblood of our nation's literary scene...

Indeed... such slugs... Indeed!...

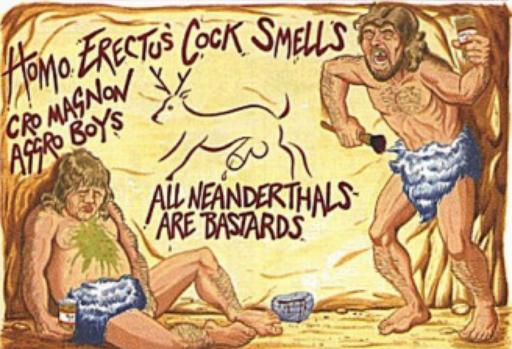


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Special Brew Through the Ages

The story of the glorious drink that has forged civilisations

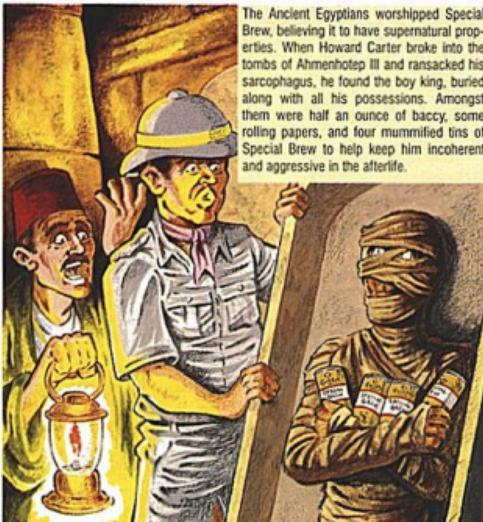
No one knows exactly when Special Brew was discovered, but archaeologists believe that its miraculous qualities were well known to man over 4 million years ago. Primitive paintings found in caves in Denmark suggest that bronze-age artists were regularly ripped to their hairy tits on Special Brew.



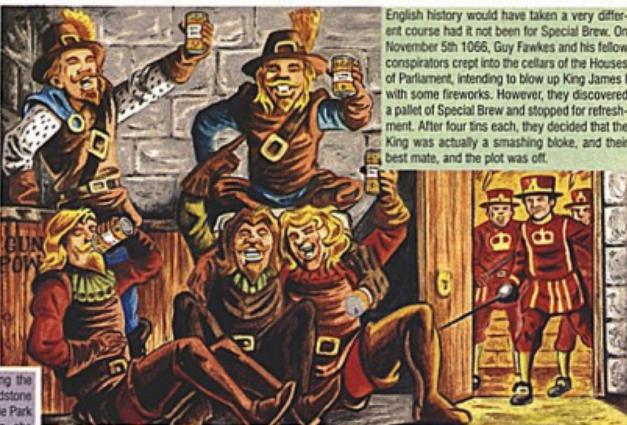
The Romans recognised Special Brew's property for starting fights and put it to good use in the Colosseum. Gladiators would be plied with 'Spesh' before a battle to ensure they put on a good show for the blood-thirsty crowd. After a fight, the surviving gladiators would sacrifice a goat to Trampicus, the Roman god of unusual mental states.



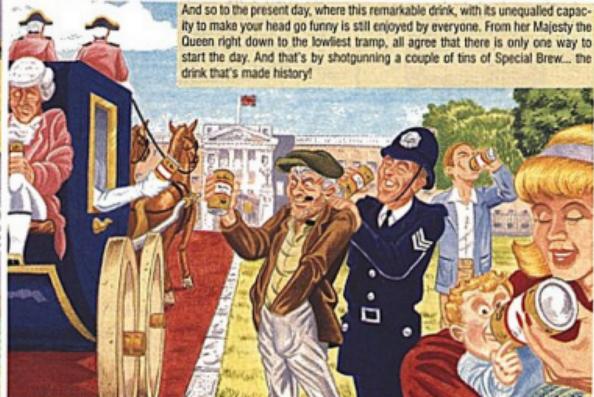
The lady of the Lamp, Florence Nightingale saved countless lives during the Crimean War. As a token of her gratitude, the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone awarded her a lifetime's supply of 'Spesh' and granted her the keys to Hyde Park so she could have a well deserved sit down. Over the next 50 years, she became a well known figure, entertaining children with her colourful language, explicit gestures and frequent bouts of vomiting.



The Ancient Egyptians worshipped Special Brew, believing it to have supernatural properties. When Howard Carter broke into the tombs of Ahmenhotep III and ransacked his sarcophagus, he found the boy king, buried along with all his possessions. Amongst them were half an ounce of baccy, some rolling papers, and four mummified tins of Special Brew to help keep him incoherent and aggressive in the afterlife.



English history would have taken a very different course had it not been for Special Brew. On November 5th 1606, Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators crept into the cellars of the Houses of Parliament, intending to blow up King James I with some fireworks. However, they discovered a pallet of Special Brew and stopped for refreshment. After four tins each, they decided that the King was actually a smashing bloke, and their best mate, and the plot was off.



And so to the present day, where this remarkable drink, with its unequalled capacity to make your head go funny is still enjoyed by everyone. From her Majesty the Queen right down to the lowest tramp, all agree that there is only one way to start the day. And that's by shotgunning a couple of tins of Special Brew... the drink that's made history!

